

# bienvenue (a poem)

*by* Peter Erich

.  
if you lost your list on your way here  
i will help you get what you came for.

a fabric that holds its weight, waders  
to fish for baubles, noisemakers that  
can knock all the boys from their feet,  
and these things will be yours alone.

.  
but you sigh. you sigh, and you say  
my effort just isn't good enough, and  
in one infinite exhale of expectations  
i become small and burrow into myself,  
quietly raging like a boobytrap.

and it happens again, and again, and it  
builds, and it will become more. it will  
be louder, and it will be brightly colored  
and "it" will become "i" and i will be the  
master of ceremonies describing what  
is about to go down.

.  
it will start with a song and it will end  
with a traffic jam and i will never again be less,  
and i will pose in the center of the freeway  
and i will walk-off conquering;

for me, safe behind the sandbags, alone,  
drinking what i came for, as the bombs go off.

